



the
messenger

1964

Cindy, my favorite roommate named Cindy, if you stay as cool as you are you will go far. Be good always. Good luck with Ring Remember me always in your prayers Love always, Bobbi (Mommy) '67'

Cindy good chopette to a real good teacher! Stay as cool as you are and you'll go far with Paul, John, Mr. Ball, Love aja Cathie

To Cindy from Cindy Good luck in the years to come. Cindy "67"

To a real sweet gal with a sharp personality Love John Always "67"

Cindy From me, the nicest kid around. Karen

Cindy, nice to a real girl who is alot of fun. Good luck in your future years (I won't be there) cherie "67"

Cindy (Kings) to a dumb girl who I like very much. Always remember Punch's father. Good luck always.

Paul) She looks like you'll be a success. Good luck College "67"

is someone who I good I be 4gotten Liz "67"

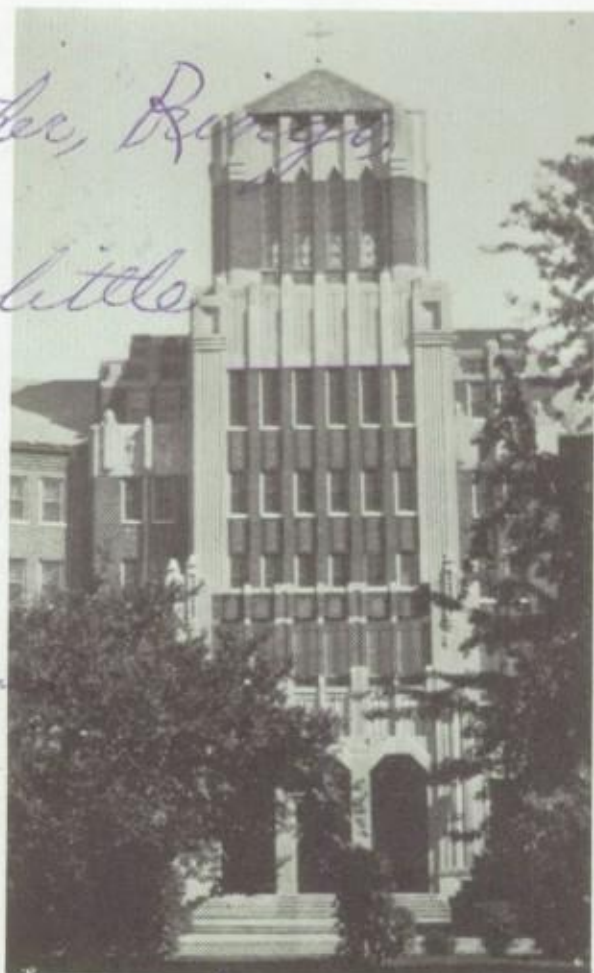
Cindy, I me of the most Paul I know. Keep cool and be a success. Good luck College "67"



Cindy
To a young lady
for good luck!
(Sangs)
Dart Maurer

To my best judo partner
I'll always remember
you in spite of all
the fights we have
had!! And I'm
sure you will remember
me, cause of all
the cuts, and bruises
I gave you (smile)!!
"You'll till the
ocean has to
wear rubber pants
to keep its bottom
dry"
Love ya,
Vickie

To my big brother, Ranga
I will always
remember our little
pillow fights
we have had
after lights!
Man if the
man ever found
out!! Remember
me and my
trumping.
Love
Lynda



To a sweet kid with
a personality to match -
Dorothy



① To Cindy
To a great kid
with the winning smile,
& the great personality.
Remember S.M.A. & the Alamo.
Love ya,
Lynda
175-44 Second Blvd.
Detroit 3, Mich.
To 8-8092
"Harvest Moon"
"Basket"
& "Bed",
"Daddy"

the messenger

1964

Cindy,
To someone who's
real nice and a
Beebe
Lotto of
Luck
Fudy
Curtis
'61

st. mary academy
monroe, michigan

Cindy,
To a real sweet
kid. Stay the
way you are.
Sandy Rapsi
"67"



Nancy Jo Heck '65

That Day--November 22, 1963

My heart was pressed into my throat,
Myself like a hollow shell.
I leapt the staircase two by two;
All could NOT be well.

Faltering voices and strained words
Spread the news like fire;
"Get to the radio: is it so?"
Bombshells came over the wire.

A silent shock, then anger rising,
Reddened eyes, bitten lips,
Outward thoughts broke the silence.
Meditate—and fear grips.

A bleak and dusky day
The citizens wept.
Each face sober,
In all a quiet storm crept.

Mist settling on the window,
Traffic moved in a solemn line.
Every human sensed a feeling
Certainly akin to mine.

Many said, "How terrible!"
Others, "It isn't true!"
"Everyone is down in chapel;
Whatever shall we do?"

Some cried that day in anguish.
Some quoted things he said.
I saw him and heard his voice,
Our President is dead!

Carol Owen '66

Dear Mr. Kennedy,

I've been thinking a lot about you, since that fatal day. At first those harsh words! Assassinated, killed, murdered, slain, and dead were too cruel to bear. Then the comforting words touched my burning ears. "The President has passed from this earth." You see, Mr. President, now I realize that you never died. You passed from this life to a better one. Your life is now, or will be soon, one of complete peace and love. You will never die. Our country did not lose you because we still possess your memory, your words, and your ever-present spirit. Protect us and pray for us that we conquer the evil of the world for Christ.

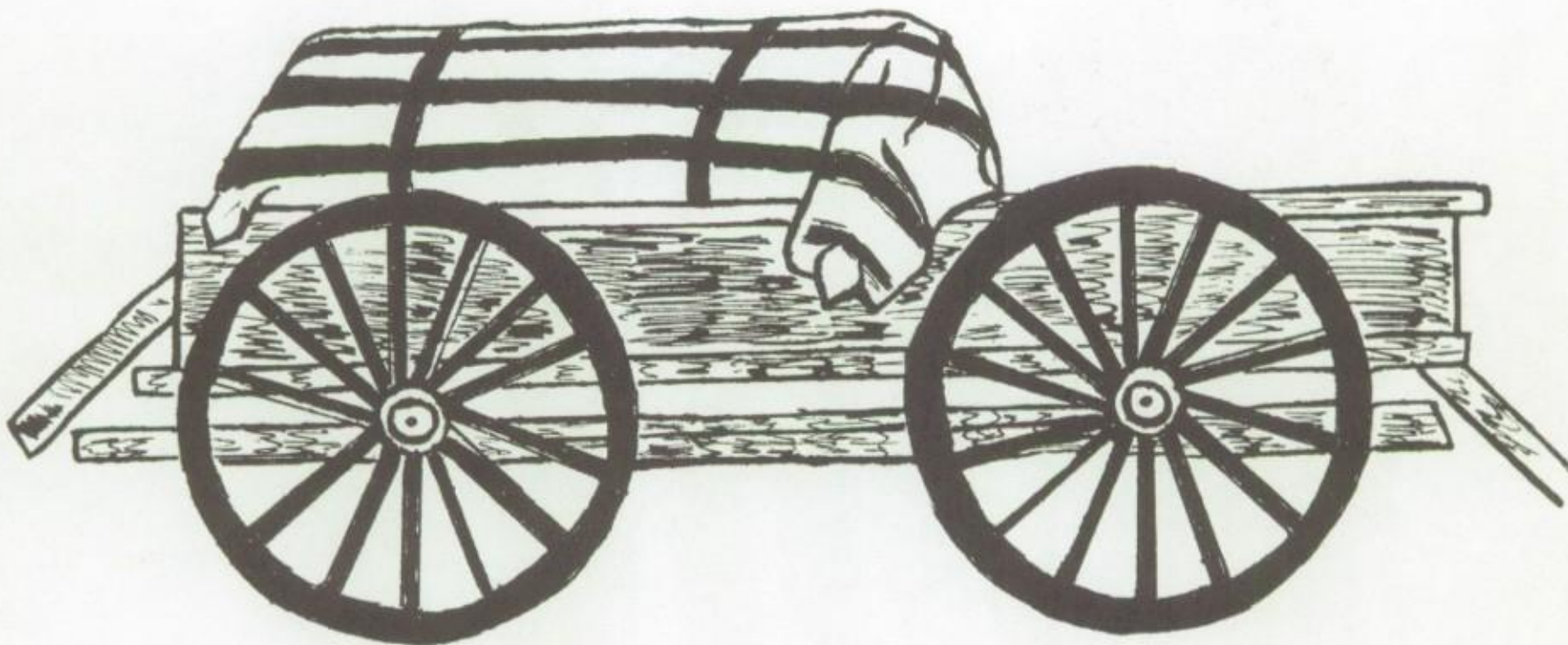
With your passing, Mr. Kennedy, many of us have realized the frivolousness of our petty arguments and worries. From your example, only the helping hand and understanding we give to our friends and enemies really count in the eyes of God.

It made my heart leap for joy when I witnessed thousands of people of different races and lands band together to pay their respects to you. All people were then at peace just as you were. Did you see them, Mr. Kennedy? Negroes and Whites standing side by side in line, forgetting about their own prejudice and thinking only of you and what you stood for?

I know you will agree that it is time now to wipe the tears away and pick up our arms to fight in order to gain peace and love among all men. And by the immortal light of your flaming torch will I be guided. Stay with me always John F. Kennedy, and I look forward to the day when I will meet you face to face as victorious soldiers in Christ.

Respectfully yours,

Janet St. Pierre '65



Sandra Ney '65



Our Working Women



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MARGARET STUTSMAN
SUZANNE TIMKO
KAREN WEAVER
PATRICIA WESTOVER





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Hand

in



Hand





KAREN WEAVER



SUSAN GLAAB



JENNIFER JOLIET



LINDA BONIFACIO



I Believe

I Love

I Hope



CYNTHIA PAPP

ANNE SCHATTE

SUZANNE TIMKO



NANCY WATSON



CONSTANCE BARROW



DONNA RIMER

Such inspiring words uttered by Blessed Antony Grassi completely express the ideals of an Academy leader. Here are the Seniors Class leaders. These girls know, perhaps better than many others, that their ultimate purpose to serve the school depends upon the factors of belief, hope, and love. Belief in God, belief in Holy Mother the Church, belief in the bountiful nation of America, and belief in St. Mary Academy sustains and inspires these leaders. Upon this basis, hope for betterment of school, classmates, and self, coupled with hope in God to realize these aims, the Academy leader steps into her final stage, love. To instruct the ignorant through a share in knowledge, to cheer the lonely and discouraged, to guide the stray back into the "fold"; these constitute love. Though everyone should abide by these ideals, the Senior leaders know what it is to really live, "I believe, I hope, I love".

The Seniors chose these girls. They also chose their class motto, "May all who look at us see you, O Mary," with the idea that their leaders would guide them in Mary-like paths. With St. Maria Goretti as their model, the Senior Class of 1964, guided by their chosen leaders, will stride toward new destinations and toward God.



CAROLANNE FLANAGAN



KATHLEEN MOMENEE



SUZANNE SWIDERSKI



PATRICIA WESTOVER



MAUREEN McCORMICK



GLORIA RODRIGUEZ



CAROL TERRASI



JANE TUTA

Little did I know the value of true love



ELAINE ALDRIGE



PATRICIA ALDRIDGE



JEAN ALTHAVER



SHARON ASSENMACHER



KAREN ASSENMACHER



ELIZABETH BAUMEISTER



JOYCE BEAUVAIS



SHARON BELISLE



PETRA BERGMANN



MARIANN BLANCHARD



NORMA BLASER



DIANE BORCHARDT



NANETTE BRANCHEAU



MARY CAROLE BRICKMAN



SUZANNE BRONSON



DIANA BROWER



DORIS CHEUNG



FRANCESCA CICERO



FRANCES CLARK



MARY K. COSTELLO



CAROLYN COUSINO



KARON COUSINO



LOIS COUSINO



Friendship



PATRICIA COUSINO



SUZANNE CRANDALL



DENISE CREQUE



ROSEMARY CZARNIK



SUE DEERING



PATRICIA DE LEON



DIANE DeLISLE



MARY DIEHL



NICOLENE DIULIO



SUSAN DLUGOLECKI



DEBORAH DOUGHERTY



BONNIE DuROCHER



Is Love

Without His Wings



JULIANNE ELWARD



BONNIE DuVALL



EUGENIA FEDORCZYK



RUTH EBY



VIRGINIA FILTER



EMILIE FISH



JUDITH FITZPATRICK



GRACE FIX



ANN GALLAN



MARY GATES



CAROL GAYNIER



ELLEN GEORGE



RUTH ANN GIRARD



MARIANNE GERMANI



NANCY HANCOCK



EUGENIA GLAZA



DIANA GOETZ



LINDA GONYEA



SUEZENNE HOJNACKI



DIANE GRANCITELLI



VIRGINIA GUCZWA



JUDY ANN GUNNER



LONA HOMRICH



FRANCINE INGELS



ANDREA JASKULA



RITA JOSEPH



JANE KANSIER



MARY KARASIENSKI



SUSAN JOBBITT



ROSEMARY JOBLINSKI



PATRICIA KAYSON



JUDITH KEHRES



MELANIE KIBURTZ



STEPHANIE JONES





BONNIE KIEBLER



DIANE KILEY



MARY KIMLING



KATHERINE KRAMER



CLAIRE KRUSZEWSKI



LOUISE KUTNIESKI



MARILYN KYES



LINDA LAJINESS



JANE LANGENHORST



DIANE LaPRAD



SUSAN LAURA



PATRICIA LEE



JO ANNE LIPARATO



PATRICIA LITRELL



SHARON LIVERNOIS

Love Is Love's Reward



BARBARA LUTHY



BARBARA MANAUSSO



CLAIRE MARTIN



MARY CLARE MASSERANT



HELEN MATA



MARY KATHERINE MAURICE



SANDRA MAY



MAUREEN McCARTY



JUDITH McCLURE



DIANA McNABB



BEVERLY MELOCHE



DIANA MELOCHE



JEZELLE MILTON



LEATRICE MINNEY



JANICE MORRIN



MARCIA MUTER



Truth--

for Discerning Minds



MARY NIEDERMEIER



PATRICIA NEMEC



JEAN NOEL



JUDITH ORNOSKY



VICTORIA PETANIA



BARBARA PETERS



GAIL PETRIE



JOSEPHINE PETRUSO



BARBARA PFAFFENBERGER



KATHLEEN PORTER



PENNY PRATT



KATHY PREISTER



PAULA RASSEL



KATHLEEN REAU



CYNTHIA RHYMES

Friendship Is But A Name



GAIL RICHARDS



SUSAN ROCCO



KATHRYN ROCKETT



CRYSTAL ROOF



MARY ROSATI



MARY SAILER



SARA SALENBIEN



MARY JANE SARA



JUDITH SCHAFER



MARY ANN SCHAFERLING



CHRISTINE SCHATTE



PAM SIEBERT



SUSAN SMOCK



MARY SOBIERAJ



SUSAN SOUVA



MARY JO STANIFER



ANITA STEINMAN



DEBRA STEWARD



MARGARET STUTSMAN



JUDITH SULFARO



MARIE SZABO



MARTINA TERRASI



BRENDA THOMA

Admire . . .
 Exalt . . .
 Laugh . . .
 Weep . . .

SUSANNE THOMSON



for here there is much matter for all feeling:

MARY TIMMINS



DIANE VANDERBUSH



CHRISTINE VASICEK



MARY CATHERINE VELZ





CECILIA VERHILLE



PATRICIA VERHILLE



LETTY WAMPLER



MARY WOJCIECHOWSKI



BONNIE WOLF



TERRI WOLFE

*Man you Pendulum
between a smile and a tear.*

The Epitome of Physical Fitness

As those hands moved slowly toward the black twelve on the classroom clock, I felt my doom tick closer and closer. If only this French class would last just few minutes or maybe a few hours longer. If only . . . ring! Sixth period gym class and disaster had arrived. How I hated those weekly jaunts down to our lovely gymnasium.

Unfortunately, the first requirement of a good gym student is the ability of being a quick-change artist, a knack I had never acquired. While shoving my way through swinging arms and flying clothes, I heard the nasty shrill of Miss Rockhurst's whistle, as if it were blown right next to my eardrum. Our honorable instructor possessed the lung power of an Indian elephant. Yes, now that I recall, she did resemble an elephant in sound, strength, and most of all in size. I heard rumors that she had played right tackle for Ohio State, but I never believed such rumors . . . much.

"One more minute, sixty seconds until roll call" bellowed Miss Rockhurst, "Remember tardiness is a minus five points."

My thoughts, having wandered, I was quickly swept back into the present situation, only one minute to change. Off flew my uniform, and on flew my gym suit in thirty seconds flat. There remained only my shoes and socks, which always posed a problem. However, within fifteen more seconds I was able to hop toward the gymnasium on one foot, while shoving the other into one of my tennis shoes. Miraculously, I was on time for roll call and inspection, despite falling on my face in the corridor and being trampled right across the back by several frantic girls.

"Barbara White!" shouted Miss Rockhurst.

"Present." I gasped between breaths.

Giving me the old evil eye she remarked, "A minus three points for having sneakers on the wrong feet."

While the "Elephant" continued down the line, I mentally added these three points to my previous twenty-four and groaned in despair. Shriek! The whistle sounded again and formation of basketball teams began.

As usual, I was placed in the group of girls from N to Z who always challenged the girls from A to M. For some unearthly reason the A-M team resembled the Globe Trotters, whereas a picture of one of the N-Z's could have been placed on a tin can with a "Care" sign attached. Our captain appointed me a perpetual guard, because I was an outstanding grabber. However, I really think she gave me this position on account of my habit of throwing the ball at the wrong wall. With the girls filled with great anticipation and eagerness, on the other team anyway, Miss Rockhurst blew her little whistle and we started to play.

This game progressed in the usual manner, with the score zooming higher and higher for the A-M team. However, we N-Z's never spoke of defeat. In my few short weeks as guard, I had picked up many tricks of the trade from my fellow comrades, such as: screaming, pulling hair, biting, tripping, and pushing—whenever Miss Rockhurst turned her back. For being such a rough game, the casualties were slight: Mary Beth, a fractured fingernail, Ann Margaret, a broken contact lens, and Elizabeth Jane, a missing brace for her teeth. Naturally the bruises and bumps were taken in stride and not mentioned on any casualty lists.

Finally, the fourth quarter whistle blew and the game was over. But, Miss Rockhurst's next blast banished our new found relief.

"Three minutes until exchange, those late for class, a minus five points."

With shrieks of terror we all stampeded back to the locker room, threw off our gym suits, threw on our uniforms, changed our shoes, combed our hair, grabbed our books, ran up two flights of stairs, rushed down the corridor, and into algebra class.

As I sat sprawled out on my desk, sweaty and gasping for breath, I realized how "great" it was to be physically fit.

Debra Steward

'64



Sublime Simplicity

Jane Schmelz '65

Only a child can possess the happiness that one encounters when his mind and his soul are at peace with the Lord. Purity and humility, characteristic of a child, enables him to see ordinary events in an extraordinary and wonderful manner which no adult can imagine. Close to nature, an imaginative and creative mind, one of happiness and great expectation, this is the mind of a child. But Blue, in *Mr. Blue*, by Myles Connelly being the unique character he was, possessed these same characteristics, these same childlike manners. Life, its trials and tribulations, its joys, its fears and tears—these gave Blue a joy experienced by few. "It is impossible to be with him and not catch the spectacular glory of the present moment." Simple and unique events of Blue's life burst inside him to plant the seed of happiness which flourished in a sense of joy which only a child can truly possess. Great achievements are not necessary to make happiness come alive within oneself. Blue created, wherever he went, a sense of the adventurousness and beauty of existence. He made people friendlier and inspired men to noble ambitions. His unselfishness should be a part of every Christian life, not only when it will profit us or when it is comparatively easy for us, but it should be embedded deep in our heart and called upon spontaneously when an opportunity arises.

Blue found delight in doing bizarre things, as is shown throughout the story. Simple things brought the greatest felicity to him. No flamboyant exposition of his deeds needed to

be thrust in front of people's faces for him to gain happiness. "He built a little factory for the manufacture of toy balloons . . . He would go out onto the hills with hundreds of balloons, and set them off . . . He made up little ditties to sing. I never have seen and never expect to see a happier man than Blue." A child's act, setting balloons free? Ridiculous? Maybe, to those who are too wrapped up in themselves to realize what sunshine can be brought into lives by such trivial things. Blue had this realization. He seemed to have such a simple purpose in his life and he succeeded so well in being happy. So many things made his life worthwhile living.

Simple colors, for example, fascinated him. A beautiful pool or splash of color, formless and accidental, would hold him enthralled. One easily pictures a youngster excited over an array of colors, be it in a parade or the Fourth of July fireworks. But Blue . . . "He was on his knees on the roof painting a giant box kite he had made . . . His face was streaked with green and his smile never looked merrier than it did through the paint." Happiness seemed to be a part of Blue. He brought it with him to every place and person he encountered. No one can match the splendor of his inventions.

Not only did he pursue these things for his own personal satisfaction, but because he wished to make others as blissfully content as he himself was. The money he used in making

himself happy, he also used in bringing pleasure to the lives of others less fortunate than himself. "He exchanged money for everything possible . . . with the poor for their delight . . . with the helpless for lighter hearts. Blue wished to share everything with everyone, a source of joy to him. On the rooftop he felt so close to God and to nature, he wanted to share this elevation. "I'm so happy that you're here. I wanted to share my world with someone. It helps me to realize what a beautiful world I have." Taking nothing for granted, Blue marveled at the mercy, wisdom, and strength of God. "Without Christ we would be little more than bacteria breeding on a pebble in space . . ." He did not pretend to be ignorant of the fact that he could be crushed beneath the weight of all things if it were not for God.

Even when he was down he did not think of himself. Rather, he found the time and means to make his fellow patients in the hospital ward forget their troubles for a while. "He was gesticulating with his slender hands. Everybody was laughing with him . . . I believe he was more at home with these people and happier. The boy in him had a chance to play."

Blue was genuinely a magnificent character. So brave, so heroic, so immensely above the rest of us. Blue, a unique character, did truly possess the purity and humility characteristic only of children. I think there's one line that sums up the character of Blue, "His sufferings and misfortunes were like success to you and me. He had everything but as he would put it, he had nothing."

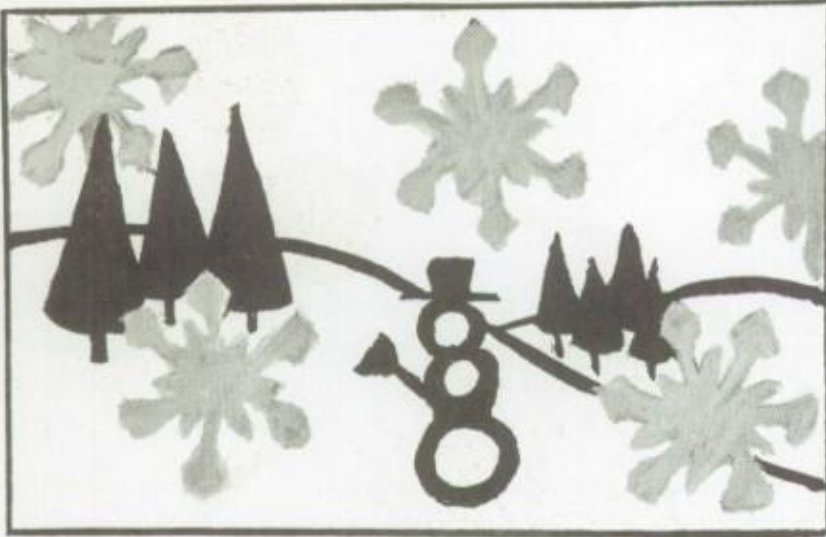
Marilyn Valeri '65



Susanne Thomson '64



Winter



Pat Bajor '65

Winter came
With
Coldness
Of the winds,
Whirling
Piercing
Freezing.

It came
With
Snow
Over the Earth,
Falling
Drifting
Concealing.

It came
With
Beauty
Of nature,
Enchanting
Transforming
Lingering.

Deanna Cousino '65

The Typewriter

Time and again I have heard over yonder
As I sat at my desk to wonder and ponder
What sort of thing that
Such a dull song it has to sing,
Tit tat tat tat tit tat tat tat
Tit tat tat tat ding.

Time and again it continues to say
The same old thing; in an erratic way.
Constant so constant the beating it brings
Then suddenly changes the strains that it sings,
Tit tat tat tat tit tat tat tat
Tit tat tat tat ding.

Deborah Rasp '65

Summer Friends

One tree,
With a parade
Of pansies
For company,
Are often dignified
By the warmth
And beauty,
Of the early morning
Sun rays;
Which dance through
The branches
Of the dewy maple,
Down
To the sleepy flowers
That wake.
Then
Quickly,
Sparkling patches
Of yellow light,
Creep over
The refreshed grass,
Then over to my window
And I too
Wake,
With these,
My
Summer friends.

Mary Lazette '65

Bing Bong Barradack

As he sat beaming under the bing bong barradack tree,
He saw a bing bong barradack she.

He said to the bing bong barradack she,
"Would you like to marry the bing bong barradack he,
Who sits beaming under the bing bong barradack tree?"

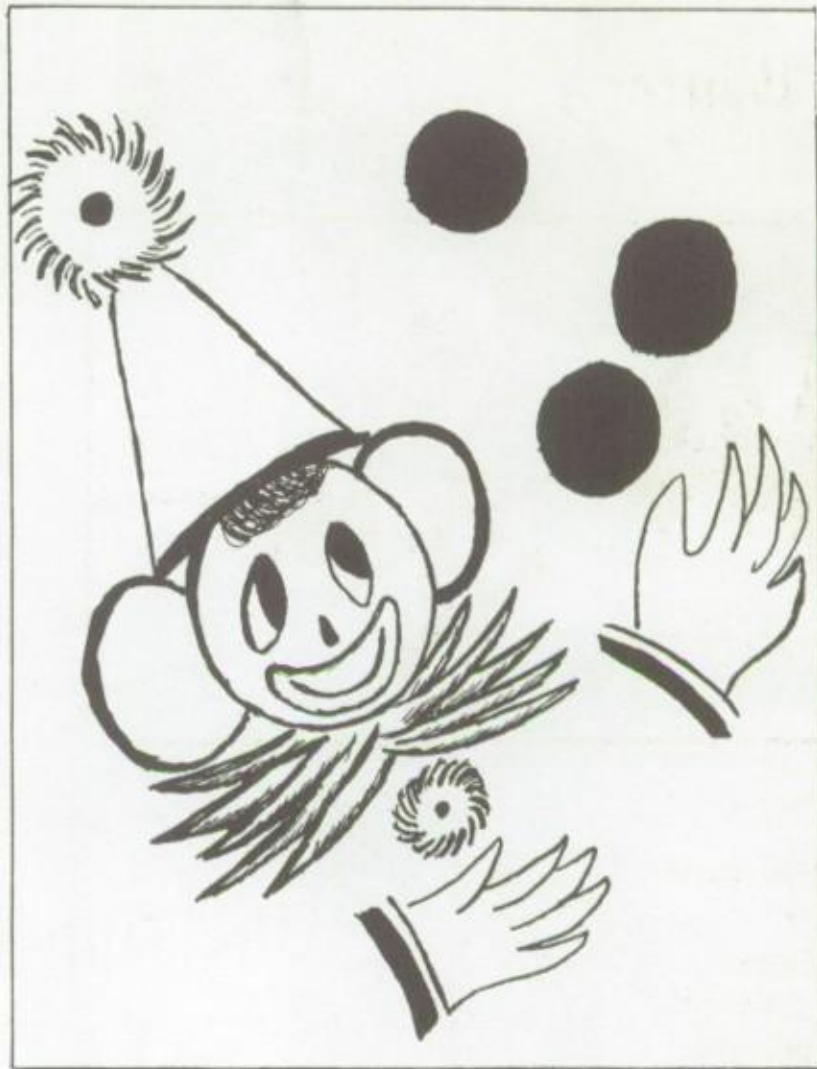
Said the bing bong barradack she,
"I would love to marry the bing bong barradack he,
Who sits beaming under the bing bong barradack tree."

Janice Schneider '65

The Clown

Can you see his
Spacious
Smile?
Does he make you laugh?
Can you hear his
Foolish
Jokes?
Don't you feel a swelling grin?
Can you feel his
Lustrous
Warmth?
Don't you wish you were the same?
Can you find his
Shattered
Heart?
Don't you ever look inside?
Can you know his
Troubled
Thoughts?
Don't you love this lonely clown?

Barbara Quick '65



Linda Lee Barron '66

Toys

Clangety-clang, clangety-clang,
Johnnie's little red fire engine
Careens to a stop.

Bang, bang, bang
Jimmy's genuine cowboy pistol
Battles the outlaw.

Whirr, whirr, whirr
Jackie's police squad car
Whizzes to the rescue

Whoo, whoo, whoo
Joey's silver streamliner
Speeds along the track.

Karen Steinman '65

Nature

What pleasure
To look into
Nature, and see God's plan—
His message and wisdom
Among the whole race of humankind.

What joy
To look into
Nature, and observe God's hand
Stretched out to you by love and beauty
Showing the picture of eternal paradise.

Maria C. Mondragon '65



Nancy Jo Heck '65



Upstairs..

The first signs of autumn—the deeper hue of blue skies and the unmasking of trees—bring both anticipation and reluctance to start a new school year. There is a sacrifice involved in becoming a resident. Family and friends must be put out of mind because school work is the major design from Monday to Friday. The good report card and the sense of accomplishment, however, far outweigh the sacrifices that seem so unimportant in the end.

After-school activities include socializing over the kitchen table for those who aren't attending one of the clubs or writing letters. Here the girls can make anything from peanut butter sandwiches to a continental dessert. There is a pleasant sense of sharing any new creation (or combination) that is edible.

The days most prominent in the week are Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Every Tuesday the girls have "dress-up." It is the evening they give special attention to their attire, a good dress or suit with nylons and heels. The directress gives hints on social etiquette. Thursday the girls try their skill at interior decorating as they rearrange their rooms, along with dusting and buffing them. Friday stands out most of all because it is the day when the girls go out to the abode they love most, home.



The deluge begins at 7:30 a. m. 540 day hops begin arriving on campus on foot and in cars and buses. Doors slam, lockers bang, and excited voices discuss classes, homework and him until the 8:10 bell rings for morning prayers.

Day hops are busy with classes, study halls, music lessons and research all morning until the welcome peal of the 10:54 bell signals lunch hour for upperclassmen. The day hops eat sack lunches in the C-Unit and C-Corridor lunchrooms or hot lunches in the "cafe". There are a few minutes for chatting with friends, combing hair or making purchases in the bookstore before activity period begins, with its discussions, singing, programs, or any one of a dozen other things.

Students go back to work at 12:50 and after four afternoon class periods, day hops are ready and waiting for the dismissal bell at 2:55.

and Down



Golding is a Subtle Optimist

Lord of the Flies is a novel with a strong but controversial message. Critics debate whether Golding expresses a "completely cynical" view on man's plight, or whether he holds that man, if he uses his virtues will be able to overcome the evil himself. Because the book is a type of symbolic parable, both viewpoints could be correct. I feel, however, that Golding believes virtue will conquer.

Golding's characters each represent different faculties of man. Ralph depicts man's will, the authority man has over himself. Piggy and his glasses symbolize the intellect, man's intelligence and the means he utilizes to develop it. Simon represents the mystic, the dreamer in every man. Roger and Jack are figures of the evil which is present in all men; Roger delineates the sadistic tendencies, and Jack the ruling passions.

The way Golding treats these characters in the story, he gives the idea of optimism toward the destiny of man. Ralph is elected as chief, not Jack. Ralph never gives in to the savagery which could so easily have overcome him. Above all, he tries always to be able to respect himself and remain civilized.

"... Ralph planned his toilet. He would like to have a pair of scissors and cut his hair... cut this filthy hair right back to half an inch. He would like to have a bath..."

The one time that Ralph does evil in witnessing the murder of Simon, he realizes and repents his horrible mistake.

"At last Ralph stopped. He was shivering. 'Piggy... That was Simon... That was murder... I wasn't scared... I was—I don't know what I was! Oh Piggy!'

Ralph's voice, low and stricken, stopped Piggy's gestures."

The fact that Ralph realizes his crime and is truly sorry for it redeems him. Though Ralph is the leader, he realizes that he needs Piggy. Piggy is the different one; he is the one logical thinker. Ralph's thinking is sometimes muddled, but with Piggy's help, he usually can figure out the best course of action. Simon's timidity marks him also as unique. Simon withdraws himself and has difficulty when trying to express his thoughts to the boys. It is however, Simon whom the "Lord of the Flies" speaks to. It seems from their conversation that this "devil" is afraid of Simon. The "Lord of the Flies" tells Simon that he will have some of the other boys do Simon in. Simon, though badly frightened, remains adamant in his stand. Simon is killed by the boys, but nevertheless Piggy and Ralph remain firm in their stand against Jack and Roger.

Jack and Roger are, as I stated earlier, the forces for evil in the island. In the beginning their true natures are not apparent—Jack is a good friend of Ralph's. There is however, a growing animosity between the two as the story progresses. Finally Jack gives up any pretense of friendliness and declares an open break. "Hands up," Jack said strongly, "whoever wants Ralph not to be chief?" He tells all the boys to follow him. He says he will give them food. He will be a greater, better chief. Jack succeeds in winning all the boys but Piggy and Ralph.

These two boys realize that if they are ever to be saved they must keep a fire going. This fire represents the light which guides men through life. Also, it represents hope. Piggy, Ralph, and Simon are the only ones who realize the value of this fire. After Simon's death there are only Ralph and Piggy to keep the fire alive. They struggle to do it, and they do keep it going. This shows that Golding feels there is hope for man.

There is one other object of prime importance to the theme. This is the conch shell. The shell is the instrument of authority. It is through the shell that the boys are first called together, and through it authority is delegated at the assemblies. This conch shell never becomes the property of the renegade tribe. Therefore, this tribe is never the lawful or main tribe on the island.

Except for the conclusion of the story, the strongest point to prove Golding's theory is optimistic in something which Simon says in the middle of the story. Ralph is gazing at the ocean and Simon speaks to him.

"'You get back where you came.'"

Simon nodded as he spoke... Ralph was puzzled and searched Simon's face for a clue. 'It's (the ocean) so big, I mean—' Simon added. 'All the same you'll get back all right...'

This statement gives the idea that Ralph will win any battle he has to fight. This quote is important because it is the only time that anyone mentions rescue with straightforwardness and great assurance. It is significant because the young mystic makes the prophecy to Ralph, not Jack.

The most important and outstanding point in favor of the argument that Golding's view is that man will conquer the evil in himself is the conclusion of the novel. At the close of the book all the boys, under Jack, are searching the island for Ralph. If they find him his fate will be death by torture. Ralph is desperately plunging through the forest trying to keep out of their grasp. He is near collapse when he finally staggers out onto the beach. Looking up he sees before him a naval officer clad in a white uniform with gold buttons.

"Squirming a little, conscious of his filthy appearance, Ralph answered shyly. 'Hullo' The officer nodded... 'Are there any adults with you?' Dumbly Ralph shook his head. He turned a half pace on the sand. A semicircle of little boys... were standing on the beach making no noise at all."

Golding is turning the savage, blood-thirsty young devils back into little boys in the span of one minute. If Golding had theorized evil would conquer, certainly "little boys" would not be the words he would use to describe Jack and his band.

Another dialogue in the conclusion also is optimistic in tone.

"Ralph shook his head. The officer looked past him to the group of painted boys. 'Who's boss here?' 'I am,' said Ralph loudly."

If Golding thinks that man is intrinsically evil, that there is no hope of man's conquering the evil in himself, it would be Jack who speaks up as leader. Also, Ralph does not answer timidly that he is leader, he asserts his leadership loudly and forcefully. In this, Golding clearly shows that will or authority, Ralph, triumphs over evil, Jack.

Folk Music Appeals to the Discriminating

For approximately four years, it has been popular to have any number of folksinging groups develop among the collegiate groups. Every other student owns, if not plays, a guitar or a banjo. One's knowledge of the art is shown if he exclaims over Larry's new five string banjo. Four strings are worse than none at all, you know. Varying degrees of earnestness are displayed, but as more and more people are attracted by the music, the old guards put on more airs and retreat to their ivory towers. Even though folk singing is "descending to the mob," it is not yet commercialized, and it gives a great spirit to the people.

Folk songs are an expression of people. In the delivery one sees this, as in Joan Baez's stirring articulation of "Don't Sing Lovesongs." The emotion brought forth in the melancholy ballads Jean sings stirs one to similar reflections. Not only are the emotions brought out, but culture is also shown in song. For example, there are songs about our country's race question and songs of other countries' cultures. Songs that are brought over from Scotland and England show the differences, as well as the basic sameness of all people. Besides culture and emotion, the folk song tells about people's occupations. "John Henry, "Big John," and the much talked about work songs show this.

In addition to expressing peoples cultures and emotions, we find that these folk songs are in a world of their own. Folk music is not classical music nor is it "rock and roll." It has none of the beat of jazz which hit the nation so hard in the 1930's.



Mary Karasienski '64



Sandra Ney '65

Although classical music and folk music are not related, often those who enjoy folk songs also have a record collection which consists of Beethoven, Brahms and Debussy. This is more common than to have an addict of popular music also having classical albums.

We have said that folk music is different from jazz, classical music, and rock and roll, yet folk singing has a tremendously universal appeal. Adults with an ear for lyrics have picked up the Weavers and given them to us. They are willing listeners who interpret the message of the song and often see a moral. The students, on the other hand, are idealistic and romantic, while trying to be practical, so the varied themes appeal to them. There are very few subjects which haven't been treated in a folk song.

As more and more folk songs are born and the Chad Mitchell Trio, Joan Baez and Josh White continue to pour their souls into their music, it looks as though folk music for the discriminating class is here to stay.

Mary Velz

'64



Key

to

Communication



Language provides the key to communication; communication opens the door to life. In order to achieve adequate expression of his ideas and feelings, man must perfect his understanding and use of language. Through the study of both classical and contemporary languages, Academy students strive to attain effective communication of ideas and attitudes whatever the language. At St. Mary Academy the languages taught as an essential part of the curriculum include English, Latin, French, and Spanish.

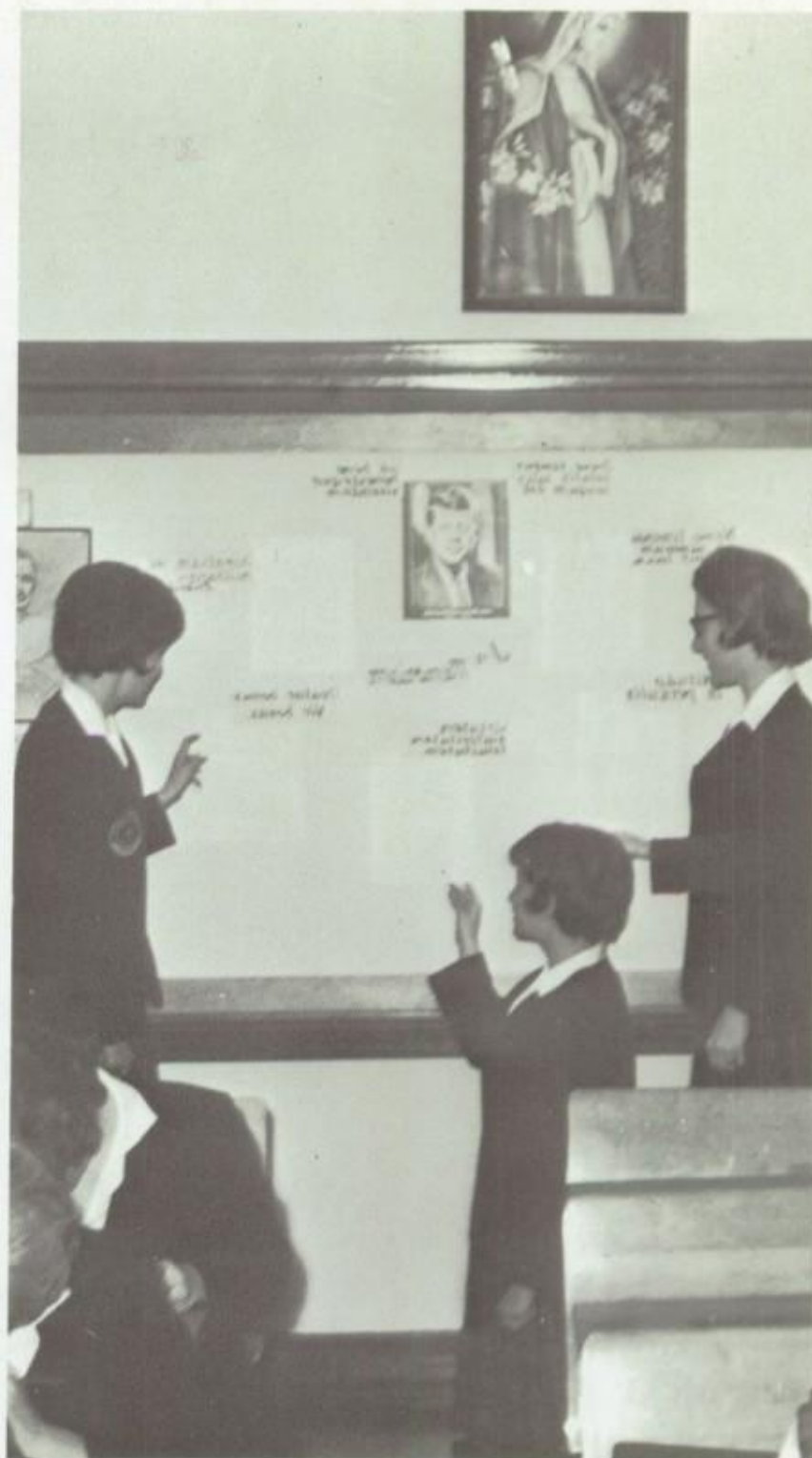
During the four-year English program the students become acquainted with famous authors and their works. Selections read include such novels as *The Yearling*, *Jane Eyre*, *Gone with the Wind*, and *Crime and Punishment*. Students also develop their own creative writing ability through conscientious attempts at original essays, poems, and short stories.

This year some of the seniors experienced a new aspect of drama with the presentation of three modern plays under the direction of Sister Roswitha. Alumni Hall became the scene for the period comedy of *Life with Father*, the light satire of *The Admirable Crichton*, and the courtroom drama of *The Winslow Boy*. Through such plays, the student meets different types of characters in "all sorts of human situations expressed in language that conveys beauty as well as truth."

In addition to English, the Academy student studies Latin from first year grammar through Caesar's battles to the operations of Cicero. The study of Latin contributes to "the student's skill in the use and appreciation of the art of expression in her own language."

Courses in the modern languages of French and Spanish promote the student's understanding and appreciation of other cultures as well as her ability to speak fluently. The study of French progresses from grammar and pronunciation to the reading of the works of such French authors as Corneille, Pascal, and Moliere. Spanish offers both a knowledge of the language and an insight into the culture of Spain.

At St. Mary Academy language is truly the key that opens the door to life.



In Tributo

In tributo praesidi recenti Joanni F. Kennediensi scribo: Erat vir amabilis; vir sapientiae, firmitatis, et fortitudinis; Praeses qui laborat pro eius populo, pro eius patria, pro tota orbe terrae. Erat dux et discipulus Veritatis. Erat unus ille qui se dedit ut reliqui accipiant. Contendit ad pacem et aequalitatem inter omnes viros faciendam. Erat vir magnus et bonus, honestus et iustus. Nunc ivit sed huius sententiae et animus continenter vivent.

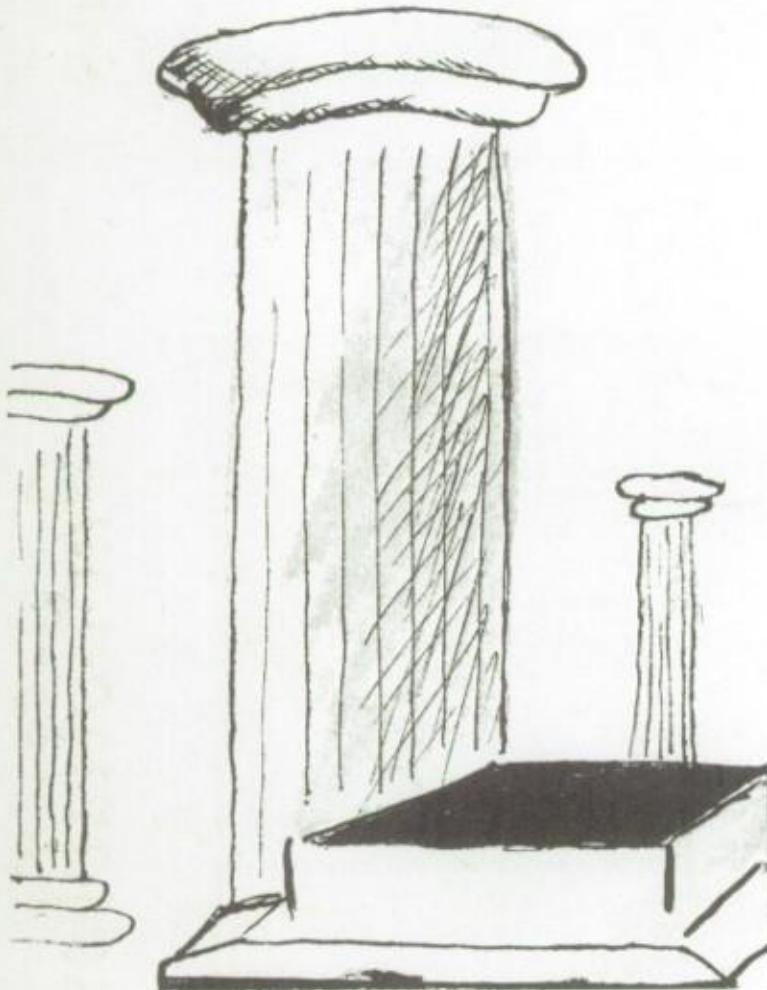
Susan Sisung '66

Condemnatio Adversariorum Iurum Civilium

Vos, gubernatores meridiei, vos appellatis Americani? Nonne vos appellatis vos Christiani? Num potestis vos negare ut vos prohibeatis vehementer gentem nigram ferre suffragium? Dicetis gentem nigram esse insciam, non potuisse suffragium ferre. Sed gens nigra inferior est quod vos non eam datis scholas aut laborem. Non datis vos eam iures civium!

Marie Szabo '64

Zogades



Novas Res Existimant

Contra Adversarium Iurum Civilium

Quoque usque tandem abutere, Barnette, patientia rei publicae? Nigram gentem iuribus suis tu privas! Hominum Unitarum Statuum Americae ius maximum est Libertas quam omni civi lege datur. Perdidistine, Barnette, mentem tuam? Obliviscere amentiam hanc. Libera Nigram Gentem.

Patricia Heinzerling '65

Paulisper

Multum amisimus nuper,
Habuimus bonum ducem.
Imperavit totam terram;
In obscuro habuimus lucem.

Supra incolas ambulavit,
Et in cordibus nostris quoque.
Eum altum tenebamus,
In finibus, gentibus, mundoque.

Laboravit pro patria,
Imploravit pro veteribus,
Ad explorandum caelum
Sed non in finibus celeribus.

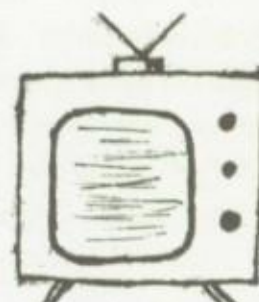
Instruxit corporem pacis.
Pro annis libertatis, cibus
Deditur et sua vita,
Amor hominibus omnibus.

Unus miles fortissimus.
Liberis duobus pater erat;
Feminae, uxori, carissimus;
Genti suae frater erat.

Cum spe
Inceptus est.
A nobis
Joannes ereptus est.

Carol Owen '66

Ces Années



Rappelez-vous notre premier jour dans la classe de français
... voir les mots étranges sur le tableau noir et entendre les sons étranges

... Soeur Marie Andre . . . qu'elle a parlé français rapidement!

Rappelez-vous le laboratoire linguistique

... comme il était difficile de prononcer les sons "E" et "U"

... répétition constante

... sommeil!

Rappelez-vous la question, "Comment allez-vous?"

... la réponse a été hésitante

... quelquefois, "nous avons bu de la viande" et "nous avons mangé du lait"

... mais nous avons trouvé nos erreurs, tout de suite . . .

Edition spéciale

Un professeur de français d'une petite ville devient une vedette de TV durant la nuit . . .

Les étudiantes explorent les usages du bouton qui est étiqueté "call-in" . . .

Deux professeurs supplémentaires sont importées . . .

L'appel—quatre-vingt-deux présentes:

deux mangent des bonbons

quinze dorment

quarante-deux répondent en français

onze répondent en anglais

douze présentes en corps mais absentes en esprit . . .

Le cours de français II envoient leur rendition des chansons joyeuses à Soeur Marie André.



Notre troisième année de français a été une année pleine d'aventures nouvelles. Nous avons reconnu plusieurs personnages et nous avons fait beaucoup de choses qu'on n'a jamais fait avant.

Vous rappelez-vous quand . . .

—Nous avons reconnu Maître Corbeau qui mangeait du fromage dans un arbre.

—Et le temps où une jeune fille a suggéré que "Si nous avons un cercle de latin, de journalisme, de la bibliothèque, etc. pourquoi n'avons-nous pas un cercle français?" Et ce jour-là on a formé un cercle français qui allait s'assembler chaque mois.

—Aussi, pour la première fois (en trois années) chaque lundi toute la classe a changé de place.

—Et vous rappelez-vous quand nous avons eu un débat sur le sujet de "Make-up". C'était une discussion très vive et très provocative!

Nous avons fait tant d'autres choses aussi qui nous ont amusées beaucoup; par exemple—

Le drame du jour de St. Valentin que Jennifer et Sue ont présenté. . . Et les cartes de Noël que nous avons faites

. . . Et je pense au moment où nous. . .



Notre dernière classe de français

... Les joies, chagrins de lire la *Chanson de Roland* et *Aucassin et Nicolette*

... Les examens

... Les larmes

... Les poèmes

... La *Ballade des Pendus* par François Villon

... Exercices

... Le débat que nous avons eu—"La peine de mort est-elle justifiée?"

... Exercices

... Les gens que nous avons discutés

... Le *Cid* par Corneille et *Les Précieuses Ridicules* par Molière

... Exercices du subjonctif

... Hélas!

... La surprise-partie de Noël que le cercle de français ont donné à Soeur Marie André en honneur de tout ce qu'elle a fait pour nous pendant quatre années.



La Classe de Français IV



La muerte del presidente Juan F. Kennedy fue de verdad una gran tragedia por todo el mundo. El señor Kennedy era el presidente más joven de los Estados Unidos. El era muy conocido por ser un buen padre, marido, y caudillo muy valiente.

Por el tiro de un asesino una esposa ha perdido a un marido; dos niños, a un padre; y la nación, a un excelente caudillo.

escrito por

Josephine Mignano '66

Virginia Myers '66

Somos Hermanos



Nosotros vemos en el futuro y vemos dos manos extendidas en ardiente amistad. Una es negra y la otra, blanca. Nosotros vemos trabajar juntos a los negros y a los blancos, amándose entre sí como a sus propias familias. Abraham Lincoln vio esto en el futuro lo mismo que el difunto presidente Kennedy. Las dos muertes fueron por la causa de este sueño.

John Howard Griffin, un hombre blanco, se puso en la misma posición de los negros del Sur porque quería sentir exactamente la crueldad de la discriminación. Escribió un libro sobre este tema y así pudo decir al mundo la verdad sobre las injusticias que se cometen hoy día. Todos nosotros no tendremos la oportunidad de poner en peligro nuestras vidas por la causa de igualdad o tampoco tendremos la oportunidad de escribir un libro.

¿Qué podemos hacer como estudiantes de la Academia de Santa Maria?

escrito por

Virginia Filter '64

El Hijo del Presidente

Yo tengo tres años este mes, el venticinco de noviembre. ¿Cuántos años tienen Urs? Yo me llamo Juan. Mi amiga más buena es Doña Evelyn Lincoln. Mi silla favorita es la mecedora de mi padre. Me gusta mecarme con vigor. También me gusta jugar a los soldados.

Adios amigos!

escrito por

Candace Jones '66

Vamos al Establo

Vamos al establo

En esta noche tan fría.

Vamos con los pastores

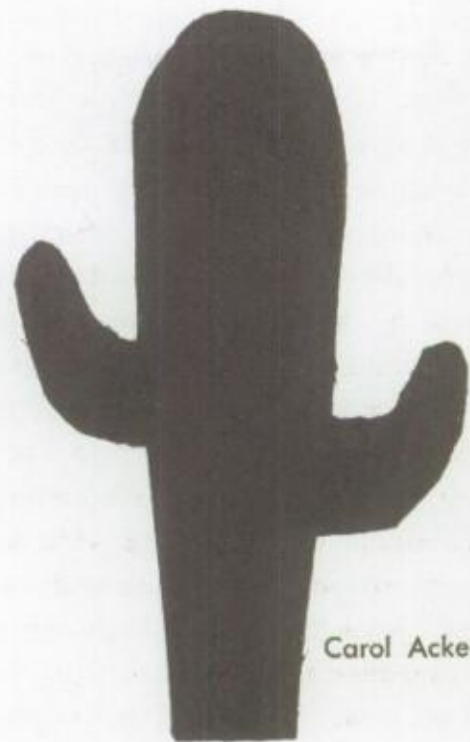
A través de la tierra vieja.

Vamos al Nino

Y con los angeles cantaremos.

Vamos al Principe de la Paz

Y regalos de amor le llevaremos.



Carol Ackerman '66

The Magical World of Math:

Geometrical Arithmetic

Julianne Elward '64

For eight long years most of us labored through a first presentation of the number system, commonly called arithmetic. Perhaps to many, this whole experience and the ensuing one in algebra proved to be rather uninteresting because it treated abstract theories . . . and not concrete images. However, it was quite a surprising shock when I learned that geometry can be a great aid in proving or illustrating all sorts of generalized axioms. The simple processes of addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, involution and evolution are easy enough to understand, but more complicated algebraic processes prove the most challenging.

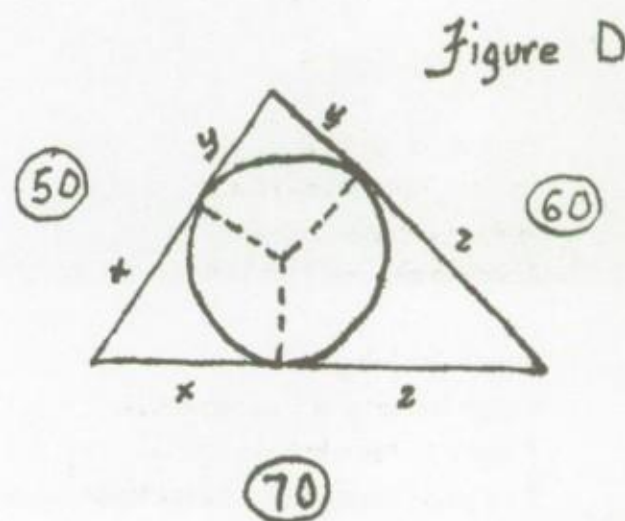
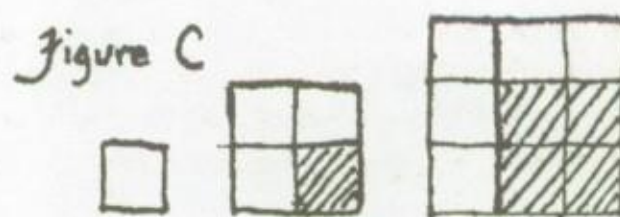
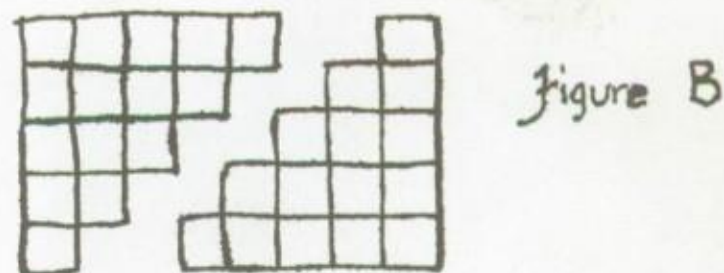
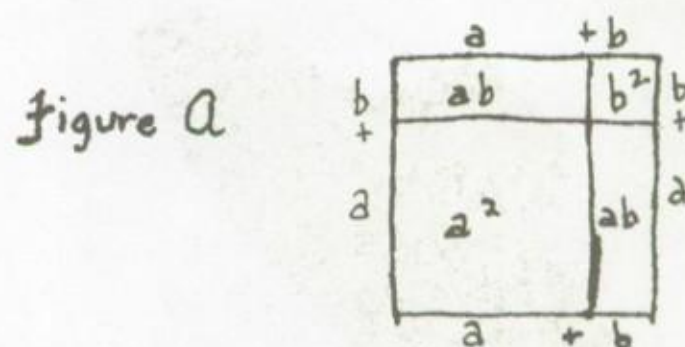
First, let's take the problem of squaring a binomial, $(a+b)$. By now everyone must know that $(a+b)^2 = a^2 + 2ab + b^2$. But a simple drawing as in Figure A illustrates this law well. We employ the line $(a+b)$, and form a square from it. By adding the four geometric figures it produces, our product is found: $a^2 + 2ab + b^2$.

Arithmetical progressions also lend themselves to this illustration. To find the sum of a sequence of numbers $(1+2+3 \dots n)$ we let each number represent a block—we'll use five numbers now—and form a stairway, as in Figure B. If we place two of these together, a rectangle is produced, five units by six units, which has an area of thirty units. When we divide thirty by two, the quotient is fifteen, the sum of the first five integers. This, of course, works equally well by using the proven formula from algebra class.

Another progression—the group of odd numbers—can also serve as an example $[1+3+5 \dots (2n-1)]$. The initial step is to represent each sum of numbers by a square, as in Figure C. The first one is 1^2 . So we multiply the exponent times the number and add one ($2 \times 1 + 1 = 3$). When three is added to one, the number we began with, the sum is the square with four blocks. This second square is also 2^2 . So we multiply $2 \times 2 + 1 = 5$, add it to the second block, and get the third one, with nine units. This phenomenon also illustrates an abstract rule.

Finally, geometry can often be used to solve an algebraic problem of three unknowns. We are asked to find three numbers $(x, y, \text{ and } z)$ such that the sum of the first and second is fifty ($x+y=50$), the sum of the second and third is sixty ($y+z=60$), and the sum of the third and first is seventy ($z+x=70$). A little changing around and about twelve equations will provide the correct answer of thirty, twenty, and forty ($x=30, y=20, z=40$), but that is not the only method. Initially, we construct a scalene triangle, $\triangle ABC$, with side measuring fifty, sixty, and seventy, and inscribe in that a circle, as in Figure D. Then we find the points where line AB, BC, and CA touch the circle. From the geometric definition of tangent lines, we know that any tangents to a circle from a point, such as A or B or C are equal. So we label the parts of the lines as x, y , and z , and then measure their sizes. Line AB of fifty units is composed of x and y , line BC of y and z , and line CA of z and x .

Now for the first time in your life, you, too, perhaps, will discover a unity in all the branches of math, but most important that math is fun!



Searching Scientific Worlds



Each Academy student becomes acquainted with some of the many aspects of the scientific world during her four years at S.M.A. In the field of mathematics, the language of the sciences, she will discover algebra and geometry in her freshman and sophomore years; and if she so chooses, advanced math in her junior and senior years. In these classes, besides learning the fundamentals of mathematics, the student develops the art of logic and a well disciplined mind—invaluable assets in facing the unknown challenges of the future.

Through textbooks and laboratory experimentation, students search the physical and biological sciences which are offered at the Academy. Beginning with the Biological Sciences Curriculum Study, a special course based on biochemistry, the student begins to delve into a fascinating living world. Through chemistry she learns the composition of matter; atoms, molecules. Avogadro's number become commonplace in her vocabulary. Those in search of further scientific knowledge will find physics an interesting challenge. There the fundamental physical concepts of time, space and matter are explored.

To an inspiring scientist or a curious student, St. Mary Academy offers ample challenge. Through the sciences of today, Academy students are meeting the challenges of tomorrow.



Cindy -
 To a real great
 girl who is a lot
 of fun. Good luck
 do whatever you
 love ya,
 Sue
 (THE 'SMART'
 ONE)
 V



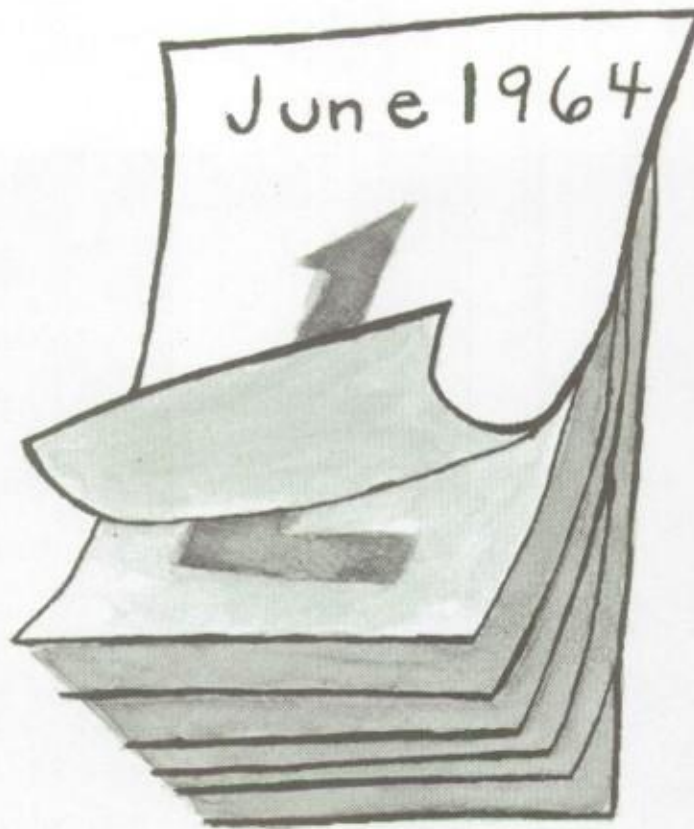
Cindy,
 You're a real great kid
 and it's been loads of
 fun knowing you! Good
 luck with all the boys!
 Love
 Luck
 aughtie
 Love ya,
 Sandy
 (I'm the pretty one up)
 above!
 OH YEA!



Tomorrow

What is it today that tomorrow
can't bring?
Sunshine?
Happiness?
What is it today that tomorrow
we'll fear?
Darkness?
Death?
What is it today that tomorrow
will be lost?
Energy?
Time?
Share happiness, death, sunshine,
and darkness.
Rejoice!
Be thankful!
For today is today,
It cannot become tomorrow!

Sue Ellen Mack '65



Judy Ucci '65

Time

Past time is history
Of wisdom, war, and victory.
Past time is memory
Of joy, sorrow, and glory.

Present time is reality
Of life and death and sanctity.
Present time is anxiety
For happiness, humanity, and morality.

Future time is hope
For truth and peace and love.
Future time is above
With God to share His love.

Jean Noel '64

Class Exchange

Murmured words of Casterbridge's Mayor,
Muffled instruction on velocity vectors,
Mingled modes of harmony
Ring!

Doors fling
Voices rise,
Girls dash
Down corridor,
Upstairs,

Books crash;
"Silence in the halls"
Room nears,
Bell warns,
Frantic strides
Doors close

Ring!

Muffled, muffled, murmured comments.

Suzanne Swiderski '64

Lightning

Lightening appears
As an arrow shot.

It brightens quickly
Over town and village,
With noisy flashes
And then streaks on

Karen Assenmacher '64

Fling, Flang, Flear

Fling, Flang, Flear the elephant flapped
his ear.
Fly, Flew, Flant he wanted to become
an astrophant.
Sring, Srang, Searth he tried to soar above
the earth
But Flip, Flap, Flop he fell down with a
plop.

Judy Ucci '65

Recollections of Last Summer

Soft, sweet memories of summer envelope me.
Sunny skies, billowing puffs of cloud, kelly green grass,
Little children playing, beach picnics,
invigorating swims — fun.
Dark moonlit evenings, subtle katydids,
and insects that pass
Young teenagers walking, court dances,
— first romance.
My thoughts gently caress these summer treasures.

Christine Schatte '64

Come

I'm walking into the presence of the Lord
To visit the Cause of my being.
With awe in His Majesty joy in security
I approach my Creator—come quietly.

I'm walking into the presence of the Lord,
A bountiful Giver without stint—
My Faith, my mother, Lacey, St. Mary's.
I thank my Father—come quietly.

I'm walking into the presence of the Lord
Patiently passing lonesome hours within golden walls.
Constantly pressed by French and English,
depressed by routine, yet trusting
I confide in my Hope—come quietly.

I'm walking into the presence of the Lord
To return His goodness with service and sacrifice.
I, not as a Judas or a Peter at the fireside, openly
I address my God—come quietly.

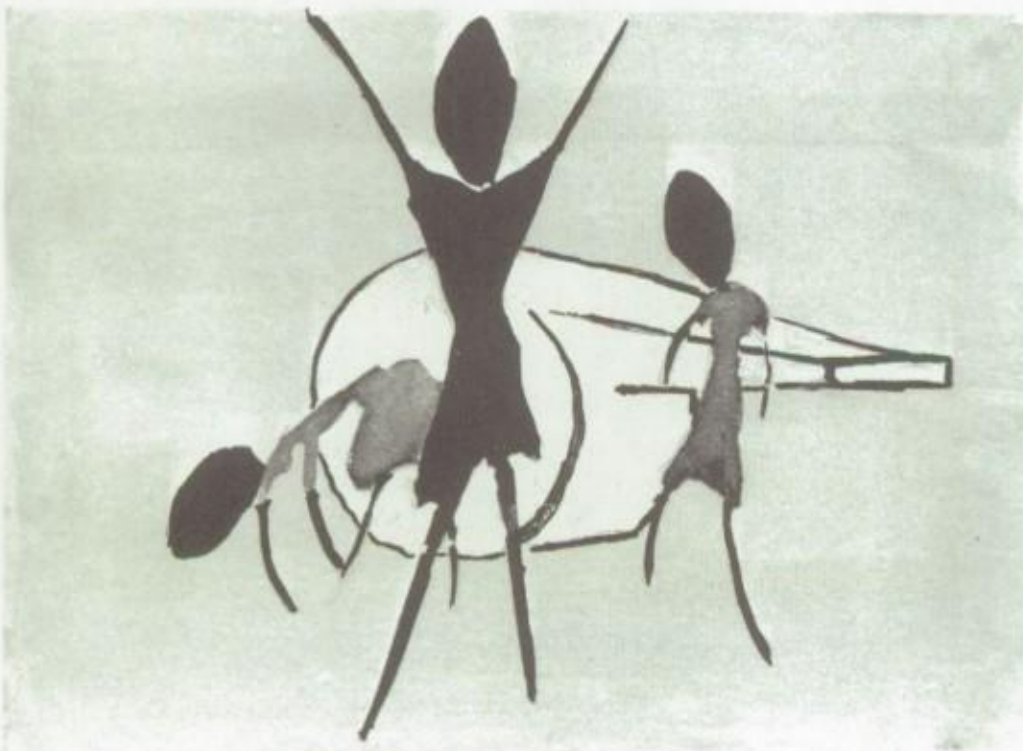
Crystal Roof '64

Gym

Laughing loudly,
Chatting cheerfully,
Hale and hardy,
In we went.

Badly beaten,
Panting pitifully,
But "physically fit,"
Out we went.

Margaret Stutsman '64



Lenore Wickenheiser '65

Eternity

There aren't so many years,
Years to pray.
There aren't so many tears,
Tears to stay.
And then, like those before me passed,
I ceased to wonder,
Cease to weep,
Cease to tremble,
Cease to speak.
God's angel o'er my way will creep
To give me restful sleep.

I'll travel 'long in weary pace
And when I meet God face to face
He'll question me my rights and wrongs.
I'll wait — then hear the angel's song.

Then after years of strife and stress
I rest awhile with conscience blessed.
The weeping shall suddenly cease
For weary hearts shall rest in peace.

Norma Quell '65

Winter's Bit-Player

The snow, perhaps, is a wash-white ghost
That treads the stage with slippered feet.
His walk-on part comes quite unobserved
And exits after saying his piece.

Suzanne Crandall '64

Gravity

One thing, and only one
I know, that can defy
The Law of Gravity—
Smoke, against the sky.

Kaye Benore '65

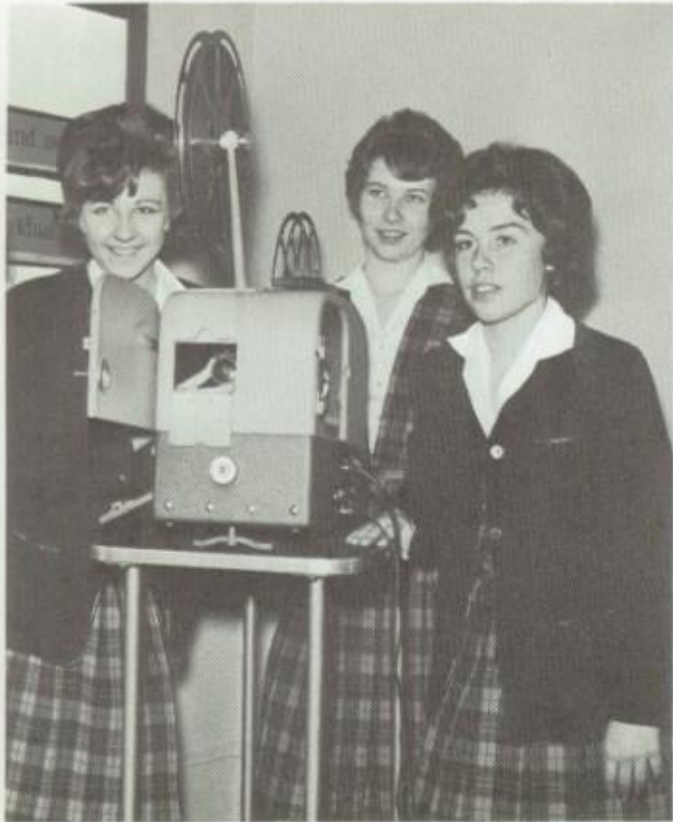
Daze Haze

B-B-Briling B-B-Briling
Bells Ring
Day Say . . .
Rish Rush
Up at Dawn
Time to Yawn
Stretch
Dress
Eat
Planned . . .
Rish Rush
Catch a bus
Books fall
Friends call
Frantic frenzy
Ha Ha
Echo empty
No time
To stay . . .
School Study
Hi Bye
No time
To smile
To Sigh . . .
Rish Rush
Catch a bus
Children stumble
Books tumble
Off bus
No time
To watch
Cat climb
Bird breeze
By leaves . . .
Home come
Dinner
Dishes
Done
No time
To love . . .
Rish Rush
Shush Hush
Study
Slumber
Pray
Day come
Day done
No fun.

Suzanne Timko '64

For Versatile

Interests



The clubs at the Academy spotlight the diverse interests and abilities of each girl.

For those who desire to learn more about people and present problems, the Human Relations Club, directed by Sister Maria Michaela, is an attraction. At their monthly meetings, the members critically examine prejudices and social relationships between different religions, nationalities, and races.

The Girl's Athletic Association, under the guidance of Mrs. Eugene Eby, affords healthy, invigorating physical exercise to those who wish more than the weekly gym classes offer.





And Spiritual Awareness

Caesar's Roman Republic interests the members of the Latin Club. With Sister Ethel as sponsor, the girls study the dress, government, and customs of the Gallic peoples.

The members of the National Honor Society are distinguished for their scholarship, leadership, service and character. Throughout the year they promote cultural events and increased interest in education.

"To Christ through Mary". The theme of the spiritual groups at St. Mary's is each Catholic teenage girl becoming increasingly aware of her responsibili-

ties as an apostle in today's world. This ideal motivates the members of the Sodality. Through their constant imitation of Our Lady, the girls strive to bring others to Christ.

The Student Spiritual Council, elected representatives, coordinate the activities of the students with the sodality program.

Composed of homeroom representatives, the Catholic Students Mission Crusade promotes prayer, study, and sacrifice for the purpose of forming an active, conscientious apostolic laity.



The After



Students have quite a bit of homework but still find time for extra-curricular activities for that available after-school hour or so. Each girl chooses her respective club according to her personality interests, and possibly her future plans. Whatever the compelling factor, S.M.A. has a club waiting for her.



For the girl who's dramatic at heart, there's the Chevron Players. Here each girl will find that methods of self-expression are unlimited. Sr. Margaret Mary is not only the sponsor, but the priceless directress who passes on to the girls, her knowledge and the spirit of the stage.

The name of this organization definitely implies future plans. Although this thought is in the minds of many of the members, the underlying motive is the unselfish service of the sick. Besides the meetings, the girls devote a few precious hours each week, adding their assistance to the many chores at Mercy Hospital. Sr. Rose Angela sponsors the Future Nurses Club.

School Hour



There is an exception to every rule and the Student Cooperative Government, commonly known as the "Board" takes care of all exceptions. This particular organization is very special and only accepts an S.M.A. student if she's a class officer, the Prefect or Vice-Prefect of Sodality, or a senior board member. This group of representative girls, with the help of the faculty, maintain order and initiate valuable activities for the school.



The musically-minded student who already plays an instrument or perhaps would like to take one up, eventually turns her attentions to the school orchestra. Her sense of rhythm and her instrumental talents have a chance to sound forth under the direction of Sr. Elenita.

It's not necessary for a girl to be a bookworm to belong to Library Club. The members are found to be just as fun-loving as the best of us. The girls learn the care of a library and delve, with Sr. Therese, into the richness of the words contained in the shelves of books.

Late Fall

I first notice, as I sit in my room on this late fall afternoon, nature overshadowed by death and gloom. The sun is glaring down with no pity, no warmth, no happiness. It has a blank face, no purpose for existence, no emotion. It just *is*. Songbirds are gone. Only a few sparrows flit from branch to branch. They seem not important because man does not notice them. A few leaves tumble head over heels in search of a building or gutter to rest upon. Nature is dead. It is not reflected upon or its traits noted. But still it is missed.

Man is born to die, a quite ironic, and taken at its face value, pagan statement. Christians believe that this earth is a transitional life, a place to prove our worthiness of heaven. It is a reason for awakening every morning and a reason to be sad.

But what about the many who cannot find a reason for life? They flit from limb to limb but find no stability. They turn to material goods but soon find out, as everyone else, that happiness does not lie there. As natural desires grow, this person turns to others and wants life to be as simple and uncomplicated as do the birds of the air. He builds his own air-tight fan-

tasy and evolves it around himself. But as every other superficial search, he soon finds out that it has a flaw; it does not fully satisfy his cravings for true happiness. Others must see his goodness. He has to be wanted and loved, important to at least one person. But the dreaded fact remains: he is doomed to die. He doesn't want to hurt people. So he is devoid of love, or hope in God. Yet the search continues—all in vain. Each disappointment drives him on. He has to make a name for himself before he dies. He must be important, useful to society, missed. He has to be a legend. Because death is imminent, he is bitter from previous family deaths and each day progresses his own.

Another phase of his pagan philosophy is that man is only as good as others believe him to be. The value he places upon himself means nothing. Still, his death will not be tearless. He will be mourned. Each of us will be sorry that we could do nothing to help him find true happiness. For his life was devoid of God. He is late fall, cold, faceless, meaningless. He just *is*. How lucky we are to look forward to spring!

Karen McMullen '65

Graduation--Commencement or Finale?

What does a seventeen year old boy do when he is suddenly promoted to the adult world by graduation and demoted just as quickly to the juvenile world by age? In June, Dave graduated with satisfactory grades, but he was not adequately educated for college or a particular trade.

The summer temporarily blotted out the uncertainty of the future. He enjoyed himself as if the future was a million miles away. With my brother he made plans to build a boat for next summer. He had even purchased a book describing the different types of water vehicles and suggesting places where the blueprints could be obtained. For weeks that was all they would talk about.

But then, September came; and the new school year commenced. My brother and all of Dave's other close friends returned to the books.

Dave seemed phlegmatic until it was suggested he apply for a job at one of the large plants. Then the quiescence of his day was replaced by anxiety and anticipation. But, the possibility of that job was short-lived. After he had taken the required test and passed with a fair grade, he was notified to wait until he was eighteen to make further applications. This set Dave back into his regular groove of idleness and inertness. He became infatuated with his boyish dreams once more.

Judith Rauch '65



Sandra Ney '65

After weeks of exasperating ennui, Dave was informed that a local businessman was opening a new store, and he needed extra help for an indefinite time. At once a change came over Dave. He became an employee, a self-supporting forty-dollar-a-week wage earner. For weeks he would work from nine o'clock in the morning until possibly even midnight. He'd come home stiff and sore from a hard day's work. After just becoming adjusted and finding what he thought was his place in the adult world, he was notified that his services were no longer necessary.

The other night he came over carrying a familiar book. He said he wanted to show my brother some plans for boat construction.

White Sheep Trample Black

Crystal Roof '64

Racial discrimination, a controversial subject, occupies the minds of educated and non-educated alike in this crucial year of 1963. To differentiate between human beings with like problems and privileges because of race or color is evil. The difficulty is not White versus Negro; it is man versus man. Through the centuries man has grouped with others who share common ancestors, interests, or friends. Tribal wars are an example of the conflicts which existed as far back as three or four hundred years ago.

There must be a reason for the misunderstandings and battles. If we read accounts of such actions in history texts and witness the same strifes in present time, with justification we could state, it is human nature for one man to fear another because he does not know his fellow man well. Because such wide and wild waters rush between the White and Negro, each is not capable of learning and understanding the other's interests, background, or virtues. Violence in demonstrations frightens the "supreme" white when he senses the rumbling beneath his throne. According to Silma Hirsh, the white citizens will accept the white minority if white misfits improve themselves and attempt to reach existing social standards, be they real or false standards. On the other hand, no matter how a Negro may strive or what he may offer, everyone persists in keeping him in the lower class. A frightened majority expand their fear and prejudice with cutting words and propagandizing slogans. The injustice remains. The benevolent and loving society reigns "supreme"! Only by recognizing the patterns of God and the place each individual must take in that pattern will a man love his neighbor and eventually dispel his fear and prejudice against the dark colored citizen.

Suppose such fear and prejudice loosened its grip on each man's heart, civil rights would then regain their importance and protective character. The founders of this country, conscious of past and future violations of human rights, stated and affirmed protection of these rights by writing the Constitution and later supplemented the twenty-two Amendments. Article IV settled the problem of where supreme law was to rest—in the central government. Amendment XIV expressed the immunity and equality under law which each citizen possesses. A state is prohibited to deprive the citizen of life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness without due process of law. Every time a Negro is refused food in a South Carolina restaurant or rest room facilities in Alabama this amendment is violated. The Supreme Court issues rulings, totally ignored, forbidding segregated schools and public houses of business. Where is the "supreme law of the land"? The Supreme Court, a branch of the central government established to carry out the law, cannot maintain its exalted position if not respected by each individual state under its rule. How far will the southern states, primarily, go to alienate themselves again from the United States?

Funny how self-critical and do-nothing we are, funny yet tragic. Just where does the blame lie? Perhaps the weight of these problems rests on our shoulders. Perhaps we share the



Pat Bajor '65

load together with the minority race. S. B. Fuller, a Negro businessman, points his finger at his fellow colored, charging them with lack of ambition, initiative, and education. Mr. Fuller feels a competitive world must be met and conquered by a Negro who is useful to himself and useful to society. But the problem reverberates, Is the Negro given equal chance at education in order that he may be of use to himself and an asset to society? The Brown vs. Topeka Board of Education case of 1954 before the Supreme Court proves a delineation from the system of control established at the Constitutional Convention. In this case the supreme court judges banned segregated schools because they "cause a child a feeling of inferiority as to status, which may affect his mind and heart never to be undone." Yet schools remain segregated. Opportunities remain limited. The Negro remains low class. Minority groups in this decade are said to be controlling the country, but are they? Are they heard in their cries of depression? Are they heeded when they threaten rebellion? Are they given their due?

Racial discrimination exists in India, Africa, and South Viet Nam. Perhaps more than these countries, we are supposed to be an educated, benevolent society—where prejudice should never grow. Individuals' improvements and individual awareness of this discrimination and prejudice will strengthen our society and present a country good and truthful to a world now received.

Beethoven Versus Sherman

Rosemary Joblinski '64

Music hath its charms. There are many facets and possibilities to music. Of course, it would be impossible for me, an amateur, to list all the phases of music, but I shall try. I will start with the "musical qualities." Just what are the qualities of music that must first of all be present?

First on the list is preparation in the way of organization; if organization is not present, there should be at least some ordered form of frenzy. Good conductive qualities must be present, including harmony, contrasting notes, and some sort of pattern. When a piece of music is really good in its selection of a general idea, then you've something to work on. But to make this beautiful piece of music really speak for itself, you must have good musicians. They don't necessarily have to Leonard-Berstein their way through a performance, but can you imagine Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs playing Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake Ballet?"

Movements in music are two-fold: spiritual and physical. To me spiritual thought stemming from beautiful music is beauty itself. You can jump around like you're having an epileptic fit, or twist until your sacroiliac falls out of joint, but when you sit still for a few moments, and just let your mind spin itself out, you get up refreshed and feeling "good." Thought-provoking music can give you different experiences: Spanish flamenco music makes you think of vibrant and peppy table-dancers; of wild and blood tingling bull-fights; and of majestic mountains, standing cool and silent above the masses of teeming people. This so-called "mood" music can bring back a beautiful experience, and make it relive itself for you.

The musical movements and emotional powers of music belong together. When you're ready to take an axe and make firewood out of your mother's Victorian rocking chair, music can calm you down, if you're calmable. When you're settled down to relax, the proper music will set you afire, and make you flame with unusual ambition.

There are many uses of music, both classical and contemporary. Entertainment and salesmen are large users of sound waves in the ¾ time. Singers have always existed and always will. When a person is acting or singing, the speed and tone of music is very important. To a singer, music is a message itself. He or she simply must have music to communicate with the world at large. To an actor, music is an accompaniment, to be used with moderation; not only must he fit his circumstances to the music, but he must also make sure his audience is in a good mood.

An example of contemporary uses of music is found in advertising. Have you ever shut off the sound of a commercial on T.V. and watched the actors go through the motions? It's

hilariously funny. Music, in this instance, can sell or underrate the product. Emotion plays a very large role here. When advertisers want to impress upon you how burning your cigarette is, they play exhausting music, and suddenly, "It's springtime," with cooling and soothing music to match. Some ads are quite clever. An example of this is the one where there's no announcer; there is just this gigantic concerto, and suddenly, all types of dogs come springing from all directions. The goal of these leaping canines? To show how dogs rush to get where the Purina Doggie Treat is.

Opinion is also very important, for people determine the life term of music. There are many musical tastes because there are so many different people. Some musically inclined people prefer Beethoven and Tchaikovsky to Darren and Martha. Personally, I think a well-rounded "musical library" with some selections of each is best. Public opinion is very strongly shown, and musicians can learn through experience what will be accepted and what will fade away.

All of these phases of music—preparation, movements, emotional powers, commercial uses, and public opinion—are important. They each are important to the existence of the others. They all contribute to the beauty and durability of music.



Renee La Pointe '66

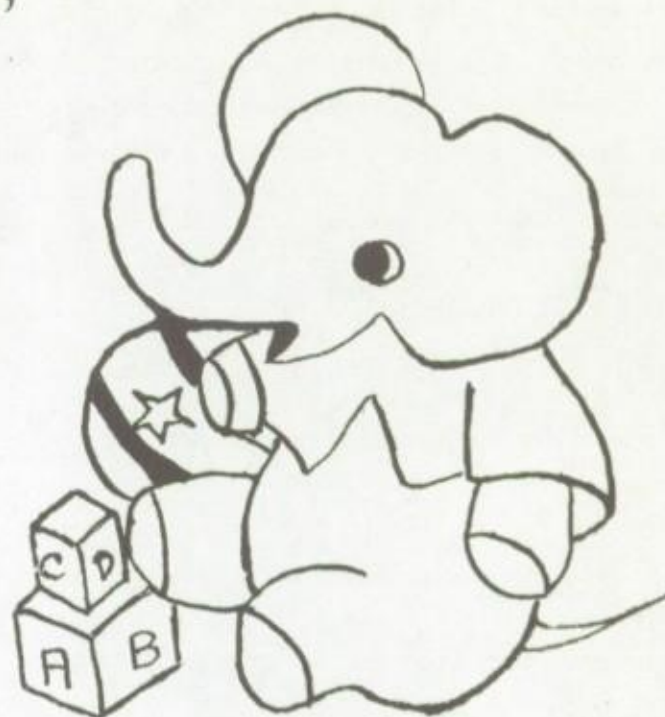
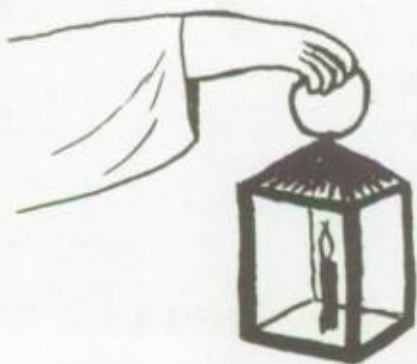
"I am sick of all this hate . . ."

In Katherine Porter's short story, "Downward Path to Wisdom," we are given a brilliant example of an environment of hate. As we are taken into this world through the eyes of a four-year-old boy, Stephen, we cannot but see the implications and realities the story conveys for the modern world of today. The references of animosity impress upon the reader's mind the need of love and understanding in children and adults alike.

The plot is up to date. It is simply the story of a young child being tossed upon relatives while his parents seek reconciliation. He is thrown about in a vicious world of bitterness. The underlying principle of hatred is depicted in Stephen's parents who fight "like two tomcats." Because of his mama's rabid tantrums, as well as his papa's utter loathing for him, no genuine parental affection seeps into the child. His nurse, Majorie, along with his grandma's maid, Old Janet, contribute their bitterness and enmity to the molding of Stephen's character. Uncle David and grandma seem at first to be the solution to Stephen's essential need for love. However, they, too, do not really hand Stephen concrete affection or an example of it. Grandma comes close, but David, with his inner fervor of fight and his animosity for his brother-in-law, stands far from exhibiting any ardent ideals. Stephen's first contact with true fondness comes during his first year at school. Here he begins to sense that there exists something wonderful in the world—everything is not all bad. Most important, he experiences the pleasure of giving when he presents balloons to his friend, Frances. At this point, Stephen receives the satisfaction of friendship. He achieves this through a child no older than five. How ironic and thought-provoking that this understanding and union could not be established by or through an intelligent adult! In the end, however, Stephen loses this inkling of love. It is seen clearly through his "Hate Song"—"I hate mama, I hate papa, I hate majorie, I hate Old Janet . . ."

This short story is a stinging narrative that presents material for intense reflection and mediation. The reader surmises as to the gradual molding of Stephen's character; as to the eventual result of his development.

Grandma hits the core of the theme when she states "I am sick of all this hate . . . All this hate—for what?"



Sandra Ney '66

Controlling Spirit

In both *Lantern in Her Hand* and *Giants in the Earth*, the tone of the entire book is in the chief female character's outlook on life.

Abbie Deal, in *Lantern in Her Hand* explicated goodness, joyous spirit, and optimistic attitude. She was always on the "giving end" of things. She loved everyone, and never ceased doing good for them. In the face of hardship, she rose above the material and settled on the more joyous spiritual plateau. She never feared for a minute that she would not attain her eternal reward. Of course, she wasn't presumptuous either, but willing to accept her hardships as means of gaining happiness. She represented the truly happy woman of the world, the optimist, the doer—and therefore receiver—of good.

In *Giants in the Earth* Beret Hansa is the antagonist as well as chief female character. She cannot be said to be an altogether "bad" woman, but she is not to be considered the ideal one either. She was ruled by worldly goods—or the lack of them—and therefore was doomed to her own "valley" of unhappiness. Her outlook on life, love, and eternity was most negative, most unhealthy. Nothing was truly pleasant in every aspect, there was always a flaw. In the natural process of bearing a child, she was certain that she was going to die. In the still of a beautiful nightfall, she saw a cloud above and found in it the face of an huge monster coming to take her away. It was in a collection of things such as these that her personality was so perfectly shown. In a word, she can be said to be the true example of the pessimist.

Between the two women mentioned there are striking differences. So it is between the tones of the two books: *Lantern in Her Hand* is a joyful discourse, while *Giants in the Earth* is a most depressing novel.

Could it be that woman is influential?

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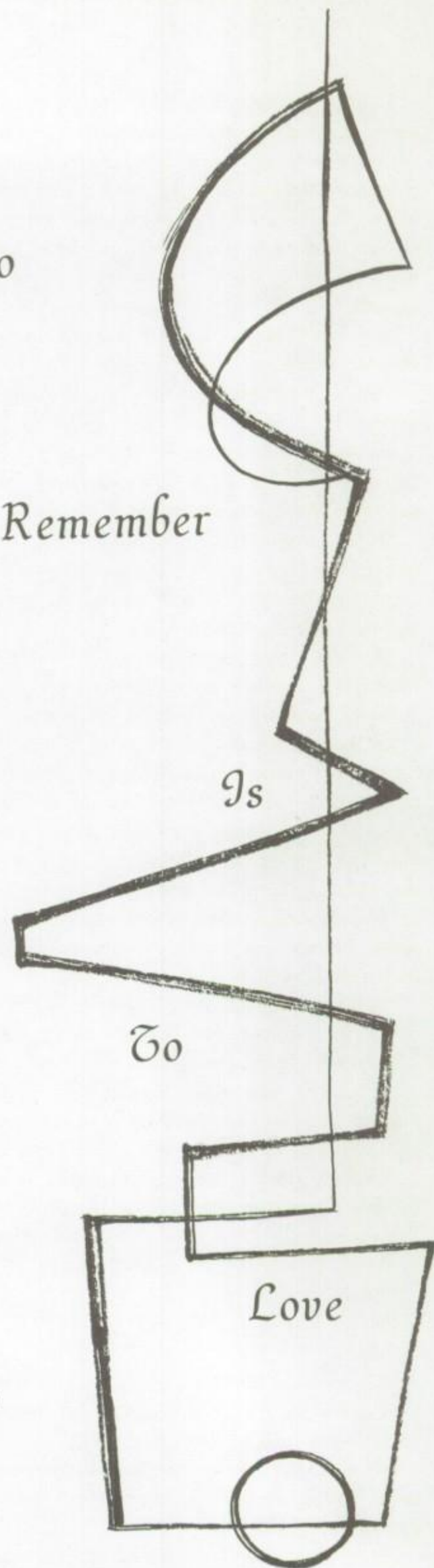
So

Remember

Is

So

Love



Never dance again, never dance again, never . . .

St. Alphonsus Hospital was a busy place, especially two weeks before Christmas, especially in Ward D—pediatrics. At the very end of Ward D a playroom was located. All the children were busy playing, all but one that is. Seven-year-old Nancy Barker sat in her wheel chair, refusing to play, refusing to eat, refusing to do anything but sit in the corner, staring out the window at the soft snowflakes as they gently fall to the ground.

"Hope this snow keeps up until Christmas," was saying Miss March, Nancy's favorite nurse.

"Oh, I hope we have a white Christmas!" replied another nurse.

For the first time in one hour, Nancy unglued her eyes from the scene outside. As she looked away from the window, she saw Miss March approach her.

"Time to get back into bed," she said cheerfully. Miss March was always cheerful. She never forced Nancy to do anything; she just asked a couple of times, but never forced. Nancy made no protests.

"Are my mommy and daddy here yet?" her voice holding a faint trace of hope, asked Nancy.

"They sure are—waiting in the ward!"

As they wheeled into the ward where Nancy's nine friends also slept, Nancy's glance fell on two people next to the corner bed—her bed. Her mother sat on the edge of the chair while her father stood next to his wife. This was a trying time for both parents. Since their only daughter had been in the hospital, they had aged with worry. They tried their best to appear happy, but it was impossible to make Nancy the same. Nancy just didn't care to be happy about anything. Both ran toward her when they saw her.

"Nancy darling!" Mrs. Barker cooed.

"Hi ya, Nance!" Mr. Barker's husky voice rang out.

"Hi, Mommy, hi, Daddy."

"I thought you might like another playmate," brightly remarked Mr. Barker, thrusting a soft, cuddley, cocoa-colored stuffed puppy at Nancy.

"Thanks, Daddy." Nancy managed to smile a little.

"Don't stay too long," Miss March broke in softly as she left the room.

"Well, how's my girl today?" asked Mr. Barker.

"Okay."

"How's your friend, Penny?"

"Okay."

"Say, I hear Santa's coming here in two weeks!"

"I guess so . . . but I won't be here, will I" . . . I mean I'll be home for Christmas won't I?"

Mr. and Mrs. Barker exchanged glances. Mrs. Barker stuttered, "Well, Nancy, the doctor feels you're not well enough yet; Nancy, if you'd eat . . ."

"Helen, not now." Jim Barker quickly whispered.

With tears in her eyes, Nancy said, "I can't come home then, can I?"

"Well, no, honey. But Santa will come here so . . ."

Just then Miss March interrupted and said it was time to leave. Jim and Helen kissed Nancy and left. Miss March gently lifted Nancy into bed and read her a short story about birds.

Slowly the two weeks slipped away. Mr. and Mrs. Barker came to see Nancy every day, but the magic of Christmas did not captivate their daughter.

Christmas Eve was beautiful in the hospital, even though Nancy didn't think so. Every room in the hospital held the Christmas spirit. And as the nurses paraded with lighted candles from floor to floor, ward to ward, room to room, they sang Christmas carols.

And then it was Christmas morning, and Nancy's ward buzzed with the chatter of Santa's coming. Even Nancy admitted that she was kind of excited.

"What time does Santa come?" she asked Miss March.

"Well, let's see. We're the second ward on his list, so I guess he'll be here 'bout 11:30." She glanced at her watch. "One hour."

Soon all the parents were gathering in the ward and the tension mounted.

"Santa!" a little girl shouted.

"Ho, ho, ho! Me-e-e-ery Christmas!"

The children began squealing with joy.

"Have you all been good little boys and girls?"

"Yes!" everyone chorused.

"Well then, the first present is for Penny." Penny bubbled with delight as she limped up to Santa Claus on her crutches. "Merry Christmas, Penny. The next is for Nancy. Do we have a Nancy in here?"

"Yes, Santa!" Nancy said breathlessly as Mrs. Barker wheeled her up to Santa. Santa pulled out of his bag an oddly shaped package wrapped in bright green and red paper. "Merry Christmas, Nancy, Merry Christmas." "Thanks, Santa." Nancy tore off the ribbon and ripped off the paper, but the smile on her face vanished in a moment as she beheld a ballerina, a lovely, dainty ballerina pivoting encased on a music box. Instantly the picture of a year ago flashed into her mind.

Until a year ago, Nancy had been perfectly normal; she could run, jump, swim, dance, and do anything the other children could do; but best of all, she could dance. Everyone said she had an exceptional ability to dance for her age. Nancy knew all she wanted to do was dance all her life, to be a ballerina. She walked, talked, ate, and breathed the life of a dancer. Then that awful day, that awful street, that awful car; and Nancy was paralyzed for the rest of her life. Her legs would never move again. She would never dance again, never dance again, never dance again, never . . .

This realization brought her back to reality. Taking a last look at the ballerina she would never be, Nancy gripped the music box and threw it to the floor. The awful crash echoed throughout the room, and everything and everyone stopped. Everything in the hospital died, the whole world stopped in awed silence as everyone in the room glared at the shattered glass gleaming in the light. The music slowly died away. Its rhythm sang out: never dance again, never dance again, never dance again, never . . .



Cindy *Kail* *Nancy* *Kathy D.*
Ann *Janet*
 Congratulations to the
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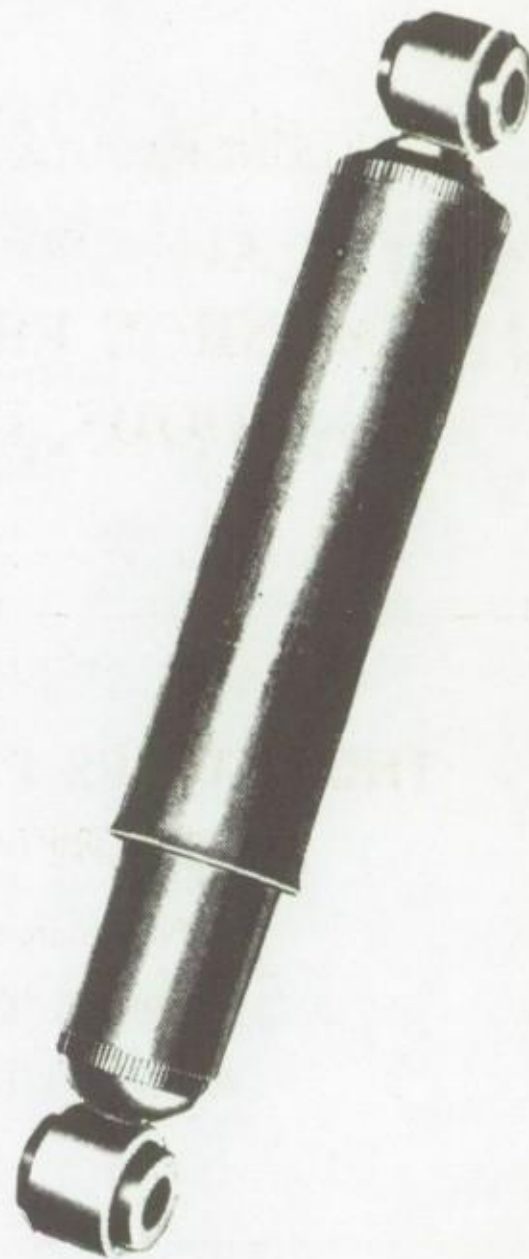
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ING
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A black and white line drawing of a woman with short, dark, wavy hair, smiling slightly. She is seated in a chair, facing slightly to the right but looking towards the viewer. She is wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved blouse with a collar and a dark, patterned skirt. She holds a pen in her right hand and is writing on a notepad held in her left hand. The background is plain white.

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Hi CINDY!
 you are nice
 you are sweet
 Be that way
 When we next meet
 luck
 love
 daughter Paula

Andy
 a real cool
 kid. and a good
 friend. Lots of
 the S.M. features
 pray for
 "204"

COMPLIMENTS

OF THE

FRESHMAN CLASS

Janet
 -67-

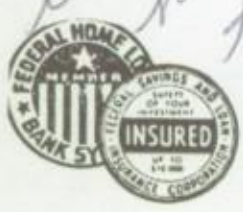
Cindy,
 To a real nut
 who keeps get-
 ting in my way leaving
 Algebra. Always stay
 the way you are and
 you'll really make friends
 and go places.

Class of '67

Cindy,
 One of the best
 people I know
 for me to come
 to the class
 and to meet
 you. I hope
 you'll stay
 in the class
 and be a
 part of it.
 Love,
 Janet

now? I know you
 know you are
 good to know
 me. I hope
 you'll stay
 in the class
 and be a
 part of it.
 Love,
 Janet

I really glad to have met you are a member of our classes we have also our 2 favorite teachers. I hope I see you soon. Love ya Mary Anne



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Cindy go a bunch of a nice kid. I hope you have a great day and your family. Love ya Barb

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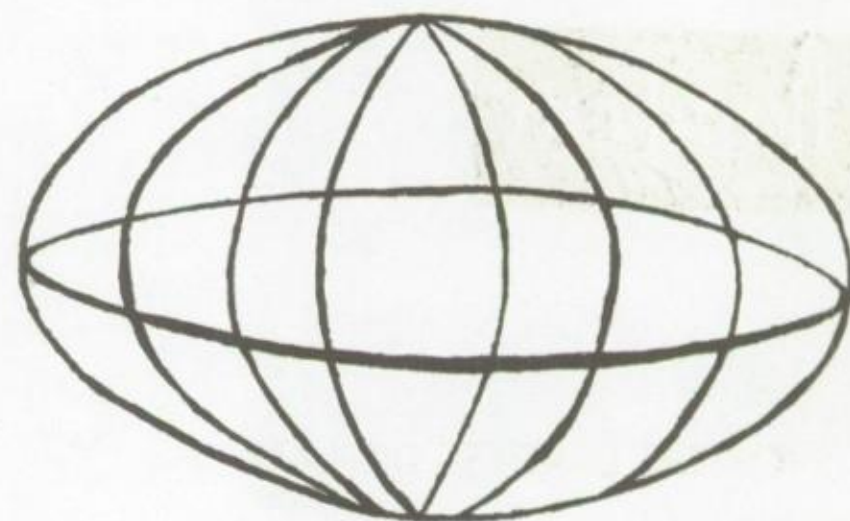
Strive

To

Meet

The Challenge:

"Success, remember, is the Reward of Toil."



JUNIORS, Class of "65"

Nasty
Wally
Rell

No Cindy -
Always remember
the fun we had in
English. Good luck!!
Kathy '67

Cindy:
forgive me
for my madness.
I just wrote. Remember
what I wrote. You a real sweet
girl that never gets mad. Keep your sweet
personality always.
Love ya,
Renee Smith
'67

Cindy, a really
great nut. Stay
the way you are
and you will have
friends by the dozens.
Good Luck
Love ya,
Jickie

To you
Cindy, a little not
we were told, not
to waste space
on non-sense
so I will not.
Good Luck
although you
have enough
for ten
people...
see you
next year
in 10th grade.
Love
Renee, '67

Punk Rose -
To one of the
swiggin' est (?)
gals I've
met at the SM
Good Luck to
you with your
sense of humor,
you want mean
love me,
Becky

Cindy,
"Something nice
and not my usual self"
Does that satisfy you?
Becky

Cindy,
%a real cute
girl with freckles.
Good Luck with
George and John and
Ringo and PAUL?
God bless you always.

Janet
'67
P.S. Remember the
Alamo.

Love ya
in many
ways
(see above)
my mom & dad
and I love
you
Renee
'67

